

other corner of the room. The lights went out, and the room was plunged in darkness, while a sobbing breath was heard from where the twelve men sat.

raised his hand.

"It is all over," he said. "Henry Beattie died at 7:23 o'clock.

The crowd went away slowly, thoughtfully. The men that



Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., and Beulah Binford—Beattie's Sordid Love for Her Caused the Tragedy of Last July.

The lights were switched on again, and Superintendent Woody, of the penitentiary, made his way from the room. He walked out to where the crowd was standing in a drizzling rain, and

composed it did not look at each other. They walked in silence toward the city.

And then an old man, with white lips and voice curiously choked, muttered aloud: